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The Christian Socialist

The Golden Rule Against the Rule of Gold

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Why a Socialist Should be Thankful

EDITORIAL

"I never go through the form of thanking God any more," said a comrade, as we sat down to a plenteous dinner at his home; "for I have found that I get nothing except what I work hard for—and not all of that, by a long shot. But you are welcome to return thanks, if you wish."

After the expression of thanks and prayer which followed, including some of the items mentioned below, the comrade, with wet eyes, said: "You have made me ashamed of myself; I see where I was wrong, and I will not talk so thoughtlessly again upon the subject of thanksgiving toward God."

For the greater part of the blessings we enjoy, particularly the more vitally important, we are under obligation to Some One or Something outside of and greater than ourselves.

Our Magnificent Outlook

Let us be thankful for the vast and wonderful Universe in which we dwell, with its omnipotent cosmic forces, its marvelously intelligent laws, its amazing beauty, its exhaustless fields for research and conquest. How much grander, more interesting, more supremely worth while is human life in a Universe like ours than in one such as our ancestors supposed theirs to be! In such a Universe as ours who can think small thoughts, cherish low ambitions, or be long discouraged? A citizen of such a measureless, glorious "country" can not for long be kept down. He must sooner or later catch a glimpse of the greatness of the cosmos and of the boundless opportunities it offers. He may be dismayed by the endless chance for improvement and progress in himself and of achievement for himself and others, but never on account of lack of chance. Looking out into the endless future along the dazzling path of progress among interminable constellations of blazing worlds, Edwin Markham says:

"Always there will be vision for the heart,
The press of endless passion: every goal
A travelers' tavern, whence he must depart
On new divine adventures of the soul."

A Beautiful, Plenteous Home

Let us be thankful also for our own beautiful and plenteous world, the bright, white, blue, green, golden earth in which we dwell. How entrancing it is, how full of riches. No one goes hungry because the earth lacks berries, larger fruits, vegetables, grains, fish, fowl or flesh—all sorts of tasteful, nourishing foods abound; no one suffers cold because the earth lacks wood or stone for houses, cotton, wool or skins for clothing, wood, peat or coal for fuel. There is exhaustless provision for homes of beauty and comfort for all with every hearth aglow. God has done His part, and some day man will do his.

Bask in Sunshine

Let us be thankful for the golden glory of the brilliant, warming, cheering, life-giving sunshine, which is free for all and which no trust can corner; even though in a few of the darkest places of the world the glorious sunlight is partly shut away from the homes and work shops of the poor and from little children. Yet nearly all may enjoy the blessed sunshine and play in its healthgiving bea..., without which the earth would soon freeze into a breathless, lifeless globe of ice. Every time one looks at the sun, or sees its rays falling anywhere, he should feel a warm glow of gratitude for its numberless and exhaustless blessings. People should go out into the sunshine as often as possible and live in it more and more.

The Elixir of Life

Let us be thankful for the joy-giving, invigorating air, which furnishes a large proportion of our nourishment and which "goeth where it listeth," defying the powers of monopoly. It is free; it is pure; it brings life, and brings it "more abundantly." Throw open your windows and let the air in; go out on long walks, or sit well wrapped up where you can enjoy it to the full; breathe, breathe deep, breathe often as deeply as you can, and thank God that such delightful, powerful "elixir of life" abounds around you at your free command.

Nourishment Thrust Upon Us

Let us be thankful for water—clear, sparkling, cleansing, delicious, nourishing water. The average man or woman could live forty days and more with no nourishment but sunshine, air and water. The food we eat is by no means the principal part of our nourishment. The larger part of our living is thrust upon us by a kind Providence; and even the food is thrown in plenteous profusion all over the earth. And the beauty, health and joy of the rivers, lakes and seas are all cast in for good measure!

Let us thank God again and again for the natural food supply. The rivers, lakes and seas alone have more than enough food for all the world; the forests and plains could easily supply another human race, and the soil could support in luxury a hundred times the world's present population.

Therefore, comrade, brother, sister, without any effort or wisdom or power of yours, or of any or all men, the glorious Universe has been prepared for your country to travel in; the beautiful world has been set apart for your cozy home, and the table of nature has been bounteously spread for your nourishment and delight—all before you knew or cared or felt a single want!

Father Prepared for His Child

In the face of these facts, how can you be so foolish, so ungrateful as to say: "I have quit returning thanks to God. I work for all I get." It was all prepared before you or any man could work, and all your work would be in vain, but for what God did before man existed—and what He does every day—as a loving father anticipates the coming needs of an unborn but eagerly welcome child.

"God worketh hitherto and I work," said Jesus. This is why we live and can work and have materials and tools with which to work. How silly to claim the credit ourselves, when we would all starve, or burn up with fever, or freeze in a short while, but for the blessings that come to us as a free gift from God made ready for us long before we could even cry our helplessness into His Father Heart of Eternal Love!

Forcing Us to See

Let us thank God, also, that "in the fulness of time" He is forcing us, by the pain of slavery, robbery and want, to see the way by which we may all be free and blessed together forever. By the mouth of Moses, of Jesus, of Marx, He has taught us, until now the whole world is ringing with the hopeful Songs of Socialism at last. The vision of brotherhood and final redemption is breaking upon the blood-shot eyes of the whole weary, wicked, needy world.

Again, let us be thankful that, by the power of developing machinery in mill, factory, railroad and ship, God is forcing us to unite and act in self defense for the deliverance of all mankind.

Economic Determinism, which is but Social Gravity, is pulling and driving and crushing and grinding the race of man into unity of heart and purpose and effort—and the Co-operative Commonwealth will come, by and by, as the earth and the sea came, because God thought of it, willed it and provided for it before man ever breathed the blessed air of this beautiful, bountiful world.

How God Loves Love

And, finally, let us be thankful that God not only decreed plenty for man before man was evolved, but that God loves LOVE.

Even in the midst of a glowing, whirling Universe of plenty and peace, man could never be man, could never become divine, without love. Therefore, ages before a human being walked the earth, and millions of years before the male and female were known, God was sowing the seeds of sex-desire and developing forms toward sexual fellowship and dreaming of a family to be achieved by and by, where father and mother and children might constitute a home. And thus "he made of one blood all the nations of men," placed in them common needs and common desires—especially the need and desire of home—and crushed their hopes and homes into common ruin until they learned the real secret of love: that selfishness means anarchy, failure, misery, destruction; and that love means mutual sympathy, co-operation, a common deliverance, plenty and peace. Thus first developing our love on the physical plane, He crushes it with the fruits of selfishness until it arises into social love and saves all families while saving our own.

In the co-operation of male and female, which was clearly anticipated in nature ages before it was organically possible, mutual love was born between the two and a common defense established. Out of this sex co-operation sprung the family, which the parents learned to love better than their lives. The family developed into the tribe and nation, for which it was a glorious privilege to die. And now, from this "universal kinship" growing out of sex-love, the glorious ideal of practical human brotherhood, world-wide, is growing, and the Co-operative Commonwealth, the veritable "Kingdom of God on Earth," is travailing toward a speedy birth. Then human love will be fully recognized as divine, and the race will move rapidly onward and upward toward the "perfect day" of heavenly holiness, eternal joy and universal conquest.

"Oh, let us give thanks unto God;
For He is good,
And His mercy endureth forever."

"Let all that hath breath, praise the Lord."

"Praise Ye the Lord!"

BLESSINGS BY THE WAY

In the above article are enumerated the great, general, fundamental blessings for which we should all be grateful; and there are so many other things for which we should be profoundly thankful that merely to name them would require more space than can now be spared. They are all incidental to what has been already suggested.

Life is a joy under fair conditions; yet the main purpose of life's lower stages is discipline, education. This is why pain and want and toil are permitted; for they are, up to date, the only teachers that mankind will heed. Great Masters of Ethics arise, like Moses, Buddha and Jesus, and their voices sound sweet, hopeful, inspiring to human ears, so that they gain many nominal followers; but the practical affairs of life remain much the same until God moves the resistless force of Economic Determinism, like a continental

glacier, to crush the hard rocks of human ignorance and selfishness with a common pain, preparing out of their broken elements the very soil of human knowledge and human love necessary to grow a beautiful, luxuriant, joyful, just and lasting civilization.

Let us be thankful for this wise, relentless Teacher.

And the "Rod" with which the Great Teacher enforces the meaning of Economic Determinism upon mankind at last is the **power machine.** This has girdled the earth with electric wires, making all mankind near neighbors with no national secrets; it has shaken the land and the sea with its factories, railroads and ships, making all men comrades of a common toil; it has crushed the races into a common brotherhood of suffering and want, and now it promises to redeem the world by the mighty power of limitless production and transportation, so soon as the majority of mankind are ready to lay hold of its beneficent social meaning. The power-machine, which has been for the masses a "rod of affliction" so far, is now beginning to bud and blossom more significantly than Aaron's rod, with the pleasing promises of complete social salvation.

Let us thank God for the "rod," and for its manifest blossoming before our hopeful eyes.

Commercial Progress

One of the priceless buds of this rod of steel and fire is the modern commercial organization, the trust. No one understands the power-machine who does not understand and justify the trust **on grounds of historical necessity and economic evolution.** With the growth of machinery the one-man business had to enlarge to the partnership, to the firm, to the syndicate, to the trust, else transatlantic steamship lines, transcontinental railroads, stupendous steel mills, etc., would have been impossible. All talk of "busting the trust" is gibbering imbecility or cunning hypocrisy. The power-machine not only made these things possible, but **inevitable**; therefore the trust is as natural and certain as the power of steam and electricity. But the power machine is still evolving, **and the trust is rapidly reaching the point where nothing else is possible for its proper culmination and the welfare of the people, except** PUBLIC OWNERSHIP OF THE TRUST BY THE PEOPLE AND FOR THE PEOPLE.

And, aided by robber prices and unconcealed business and political corruption resulting from the private ownership of commerce, even the dullest citizens are beginning to say: "LET THE NATION OWN THE TRUSTS." Let us be thankful that the trust is almost ripe enough for gathering.

International Labor Union

Another bursting bud upon the fire-steel rod of our affliction is the international labor organizations. It was inevitable that the traders' trust must be opposed by the workers' trust. Power-machinery forced them both into being and forged all their weapons of offense and defense. Compelled to produce by machinery and no longer by the slower hand-process; compelled to leave the individual home work-shop for the great factory where men work in hordes; no longer able to own individually the enlarging tools of production, but compelled to work at the machine for a common master whose interests were diametrically opposed to their own, the only way that workmen could make life for themselves and families possible was to combine together in shop unions, which grew into trades unions, which have become international already, and which are rapidly transforming into industrial unions the world over. The logical and necessary outcome of this enforced labor union struggle is the development of working-class-consciousness until the working people—who constitute the overwhelming majority in every nation—shall quietly, intelligently, firmly, forever TAKE POSSESSION of the means of producing and distributing life's commodities and own the wealth and capital of the world for themselves, which is their self-evident right, since their brain and brawn produced it all. The working classes are so dull, so slow, so misled by hireling officials, that they are extremely reluctant to do this; but the Power of Economic determinism on the Rod of Steel Machinery is laying stripes of red across their aching backs and breaking hearts—and so they will be compelled to learn their lesson and do their duty by their children and their neighbors' children. **"The Meek"** are all too patient and too slow; nevertheless, **"they shall inherit the earth." It is the will of God.** For which, let us be truly thankful.

Proletarian Political Revolt

Another bloom now showing fair in red and white upon the mighty relentless "Rod" is the world-wide Socialist Party. It voices the demand of enlarging commerce: "Let the nation own the trusts," that commerce may serve man, not men; the many, not the few. It vents the cry of toilers in want and despair for "the full product of their labor," which is their self-evident right. It presents the claims of merchant-ridden, politician-ridden, corruption-ruled-and-robbed people everywhere for clean, honest government, and real political freedom.

Socialism is being recognized in Europe and America as the one political Hope of the World. And the people are rallying, thrones are crumbling, money lords are despairing and real patriots are rejoicing. Victory follows victory in city and state, and the people are **rejoicing like exiles coming home to their own.** No longer can they be affrighted by false cries. They have discovered their real enemies, and are recognizing their real friends—and the end is clear, and near. **The world shall be free and happy** "from sea to sea, and from the rivers unto the ends of the earth." Thank God.

The Awakening Church

And, lastly ("The first shall be last." "First, that which is **natural,** then that which is **spiritual.**") The fiery Rod has been laid heavily upon the back of the Church. She, whose nature is to conserve, has missed her way and been too slow to find again the path so plainly marked by Moses and Jesus, her most revered guides. Mammon has blinded her eyes and bound her with his chains, prostituting her to his ungodly service. And the "Rod" falls not only upon her bruised shoulders and bleeding heart, but also upon the galling chains of Mammon. They begin to break; she is straightening up; she struggles to remove the bandage from her eyes; **she begins to see,** and now her voice is ringing out the age-long battle hymn of freedom:

> "The Son of Man goes forth to war,
> A kingly crown to gain;
> **His blood red banner streams afar—**
> **Who follows in his train?"**

In Italy, France, Holland, Denmark, England and America there are real Christian Socialist papers, red as the Marxian banner itself. In England there are four growing Christian Socialist organizations, all of whose members support the political Socialist movement there: The Church Socialist League, the Christian Socialist Fellowship, the Catholic Socialist Society and the Free Church Socialist League. All of these are doing loyal work for revolutionary Socialism.

And more than all this, in the churches of every land the discussion of proletarian relief is assuming deep interest and wide proportions. In the Protestant churches especially, social brotherhoods are forming to study the labor struggle, preachers' meetings are shaking with the strife, and thousands of ministers have come out under the red flag. At the present rate of increase, the agitation in and by the churches will soon become one of the mightiest factors of the Socialist movement. The church has been building too much with "wood, hay, stubble;" and much of her work must therefore be "burned up," and happy may she count herself now to be "saved so as by fire." It will be too late even for that, and she, herself, will be consumed by the long pent-up wrath of God, if she does not make haste to break away the chains of mammon, part company with the "beast" of exploitation, and join her strength to the strength of the workers who are battling desperately for the emancipation of mankind. THE CHURCH OF MOSES AND OF JESUS BELONGS WITH THE PROLETARIAN REVOLUTION; and if she fails to line up right, it is because their glory is departed from her, and a new church will have to be raised up to preach their Words of God and to accomplish the work He set them and their followers to do.

Religion and Socialism

That a goodly and increasing number of pulpits have begun to "roar and thunder" against the system of economic wrong is cause for deep gratitude. When a third of the preachers of America "get right with God"—and man upon the question of riches and poverty, they will soon shake the nation to its deepest foundations and hurl mammon from his throne by the power of the truth. **Genuine religion will set the social revolution on fire.**

> "God said, I am tired of kings,
> I suffer them no more;
> Up to my ear the morning brings
> The outrage of the poor."

"Blood and Fire." A new Salvation Army cry. The Socialist philosophy has the "blood," religion has both "blood" and "fire." Let religious men once catch the full meaning of Socialism and they will **sweep the world** with their glorious enthusiasm and heroism for mankind.

SOCIALISM IS THE GREAT, REAL, WORTH-WHILE MISSIONARY MOVEMENT. It will truly "save the world" from the very things that have prevented religion from saving it in former ages; then religion will have a fair chance to develop mankind in spiritual and eternal things.

For the glorious world-prospect let us all thank God, and rejoice that we are living and can work **now.**

Let us thank God for our own lives in this beautiful world of pleasure and promise; for our fathers and mothers, with all their love, toil and self-sacrifice for us; for our wives, whose loyalty is more precious than rubies; for our children, each and every one, with their weight upon our labors, their arms about our necks, their sweet, innocent kisses upon our faces, and their cords around and through our hearts; for such homes as we have, and for the sure hope of better and truer homes when the blight of capitalism is removed.

Let us be thankful for every Socialist vote ever cast, for every Socialist speech ever made, for every Socialist book, article and leaflet ever circulated. The Socialist message is the Word of God, it can never be silenced, nor forgotten; "it **shall** accomplish that for which it was sent." "The truth **shall** make men free."

Let us be thankful for every Socialist official elected in every country where the Red Banner has been borne to victory; for every city that has fallen under Socialist sway; for every helpful law enacted by Socialists or forced by Socialist growth from capitalist states and parliaments.

Yes, let us be thankful for all forms and degrees of insurgency in every land, knowing that all such agitation arouses some so fully that they can never go back into stand-patism again, but must come on into the Socialist ranks sooner or later.

PERPETUAL PRAISE

A black electric cloud rung sharp and grim
Behind Niagara at the close of day;
I saw the splendid lightning's awful play
Transpierce the twilight at its rocky rim—
And still Niagara sang her ceaseless hymn,
Though night and storm and darkness round her lay,
Like other storms, this burst and passed away,
And morn flashed out on wings of seraphim.

Then, as the torrent sang, I caught the gleam
Of twenty flashing rainbows, running through
Her veil of spray, full aureoled in the sun!
The storms of earth evanish in a dream;
But glad celestial morning waits for you,
Rare singing souls, whose rainbow crowns are won.

—Caroline D. Swan in the New World.

EMANCIPATION FOR DEPENDENT CHILDREN

By Otto McFeely

Illinois has a Socialist law. It is the "Mothers' Pension Law" designed to abolish juvenile poverty. Of course attempts are being made to defeat the law.

Socialists of the state must rally to its support. I suggest that each local, ward or precinct, each labor union, church or other society, appoint some good woman to look after pension cases in that district. Women appointed should have time to devote to the work, if the organization cannot pay her for her time. She should be a woman who is able to talk well and one who is also prepared to appear in the juvenile court of Cook, or any other county.

There are thousands of women and children actually starving, or subsisting on the nasty crumbs of organized charity. This new law will relieve all such cases where the parents are living and are considered by the court suitable guardians for their own children.

Private charity is disgusting to all who receive it and inefficient from every possible point of view. Illinois has a law which substitutes a dignified method for private charity. Mothers' pensions are no more a charity than are the public schools a charity.

If we do not go to work on this law and do all we can to have it benefit all coming within its provisions it will not be used as intended. Efforts are being made to suppress it, and in some cases ignorant mothers may be led to believe the pension comes from some private society, some church or some other organization. Such is not the case.

Pensions, when paid, come from county treasuries and the mother is under no obligations to any private institution. She is obligated only to do the best she can for her children.

She does not have to be grateful to a society, a church or other institution.

Organizations in congested districts of Chicago and other large cities will find much to do under this pension law. Reports should be received at every meeting from the "Mothers' Pension secretary."

By aiding mothers to secure pensions we shall be able to point out to these mothers that they are free, not controlled and do not have to be "bossed" by some private charity agent.

Following is the plan suggested for all Socialist organizations, labor unions, fraternal societies and churches:

Appoint a "Mothers' Pension Committee" with an efficient chairman who has some time to devote to the work.

Find out if there are any poor mothers in the district.

Tell these poor mothers about the new law and ask her if she wants a pension.

Take the mother and her children to the juvenile court, Ewing and Halsted streets, Chicago (in other counties the county judges hear juvenile cases).

File a "petition" as directed by the chief probation officer.

The probation officer will make an investigation and set a date for a hearing.

When the hearing begins the "Mothers' Pension secretary" (or chairman of the Mothers' Pension Committee) of the local, union or church should be present with witnesses and to advise the juvenile court.

The law is short and simple. It is an amendment to the juvenile court act. It is published complete as follows:

New Juvenile Court Law

"If the parent or parents of such dependent or neglected child are poor and unable to properly care for said child, but are otherwise proper guardians and it is for the welfare of such child to remain at home, the court may enter an order finding such facts and fixing the amount of money necessary to enable the parent or parents to properly care for such child, and thereupon it shall be the duty of the county board through its county agent or otherwise to pay to such parent or parents, at such times as said order may designate, the amount so specified for the care of such dependent or neglected child until the further order of the court."

Local Socialist organizations, unions and churches should direct their "Mothers' Pension Committee" and the "Mothers' Pension secretary" (who may be the chairman of the committee) to collect data on "proper care."

Inquiry should be made as to the cost of "proper care." Inquiry should be made as to the cost of rent in a "proper" neighborhood, sanitary dwelling, and what good wholesome food and adequate clothing costs. These facts should be submitted with each case to aid the juvenile court judge it in reaching a verdict. The tendency will be to give the mother just enough to prevent starvation, if she works in some other family's kitchen, in a factory, store or shop.

The intent of the law, in my opinion, is that the mother should devote all her time to her own home and to her own children.

Any additional information desired will be supplied by Henry Neil, 443 South Dearborn street, who secured the passage of this great law. He will speak free of charge before clubs, societies and other gatherings on the "Mothers' Pension Law."

The value of this law as propaganda for Socialism must not be overlooked.

Organizations outside of Cook County should, if possible, have some lawyer aid the judges in that county so they may be prepared to administer the law.

A system of blanks has been created in Cook County, and samples of these may be secured by writing to the Juvenile Court, Chicago, Ill.

ANOTHER REPORT OF THE KLUSER-STRICKLAND DEBATE

[Note. Father Kluser's account appeared in our issue of September 28.—Ed.]

Clarksburg, W. Va., Oct. 16, 1911.

Editor Christian Socialist:

I had intended to write this letter over a week ago, but stress of business matters prevented me. I would like to call your attention and that of your readers to an article quoted from the "Catholic Fortnightly Review" and some comments thereon by yourself in your issue of September 28, ult.

Would it not have been as well if you had made some inquiries before printing the article in question, as to the truth or falsity of the Rev. Kluser's statements? I am convinced that you could not have done so, or his distorted caricature of what actually took place would never have appeared in your columns.

As one of the auditors of that debate, if you can dignify it by that title, will you permit me to say a word about it? From the following statements you may judge of the veracity or otherwise of the priest you have quoted. Kluser says: "We were both vigorously applauded." The truth is, the audience was dumb the whole of the time he was speaking with one exception. Yes, the applause was spontaneous and prolonged, and what produced it? That round of applause was called forth by the mention of a name—merely a name. After showing us what "scoundrels" Marx, Engels, Bebel and other great Socialist thinkers were, he mentioned the name of a living man to condemn him as he had condemned the others. Oh! the irony of it! The mockery of it! He had no sooner mentioned the name of Eugene Debs, as white a souled man as this country has ever known, than the audience awoke from the state of lethargy to which the priest had driven it, and applauded to the echo—applauded and laughed at the puny priest at the same time. After such "vigorous applause" methinks Kluser should hide his head and never show it again.

The statement that Strickland said "we do not read such trash," meaning Bebel's great work, is an unmitigated and monstrous "terminological inexactitude."

The rest of the article I pass over. It is the priest, priestly, and I pass on to your commentary.

You say: "But Father Kluser was correct and none too severe when he cut short Comrade Strickland's panegyric," etc.

Did he really do this? Haven't you been misled by Kluser's garbled statements?

How did it all happen?

Kluser spoke twice, Strickland spoke twice, and then by the terms of agreement Kluser had ten minutes to wind up. But no sooner had Strickland finished than the entire audience arose to go out. The man who had been so "vigorously applauded" couldn't hold the audience for ten minutes!

In vain Kluser called for the people to resume their seats, in vain the chairman called them to do likewise—they continued to pour out and then—

Strickland got up and got the attention of the standing crowd. He called on them to listen to what Kluser had to say. Some one in the crowd yelled out "we'll give him five minutes," and then there was comparative peace. It was in this short period, amidst the unrest of the people, still desirous to get away from the prattle of the priest, that the Rev. E. E. Carr's name was mentioned. How can Strickland be held blamable in these premises. What could he or any one else have said. I leave it to you.

Yours respectfully,
W. Blenko.

Had we known the name and address of any Socialist present at the debate and capable of fairly reporting it, we would have written for his version. Comrade Strickland was evidently "on the wing," and we knew not his itinerary. Besides, we were very certain that the Socialists would not be too timid to speak up, if any serious mistakes appeared in Rev. Kluser's account. Also, we wished to give the version of the story as it appeared in the Catholic Fortnightly Review, so that the comrades might catch a glimpse of what the church press is saying. And, if we had done otherwise, we should have missed the interesting letter of Comrade Blenko! Do we need further defense on this point?

With reference to the dispute between Rev. Kluser and Comrade Blenko as to matters of fact, of course we know nothing. Those who heard the debate will be able to judge. Those who were not present will naturally decide according to their respective confidence in the two men.

We naturally infer, from Comrade Blenko's account, that there were no Roman Catholics nor other anti-Socialists present at the debate, otherwise there would naturally have been occasional cheers for Rev. Kluser. It would be strange for a Roman Catholic priest in an anti-Socialist town to carry on a debate against Socialism without support from some of his own people, and from other anti-Socialists. We inferred from Rev. Kluser's account that the anti-Socialists (Catholics and others), cheered him and the Socialists cheered Strickland, and that the two forces present were about equally divided. And from a distance, this seems very plausible.

Comrade Blenko's account of the great cheering for Debs unwittingly furnishes corroboration of Rev. Kluser's account of the part we commented upon most, viz., that in order to "make good" before the moral people of the country, the Socialists must repudiate the teaching of certain great Socialist writers upon the sex question.

Why did not the Morgantown Socialists cheer the names of Engels, Bebel and others? Ordinarily they would have done so—**but not while their teaching as to sex relations were being quoted.** Not because they would not dare to, but **because they did not wish to.**

In spite of the fool teachings of some who retard the movement yet in a few of our large cities, THE RANK AND FILE OF THE SOCIALIST PEOPLE IN ALL LANDS, ESPECIALLY IN ANGLO-SAXON LANDS, UTTERLY REPUDIATE ALL "FREE LOVE" TEACHING AND STAND FOR THE MONOGAMOUS HOME.

Therefore the comrades were naturally silent while the priest condemned the names of great Socialists whom he had shown were **wrong on the sex question**; but when he came to the name of Debs—**not because Debs is greater in the Socialist movement, but because he stands free from the taint of "free love" in theory or practice,** they cheered Debs' name till the roof trembled.

This was not only an ovation to Debs, BUT TO A CLEAN LIFE AND A PURE HOME. At least this is the way it appears as seen from afar. And it only illustrates and emphasizes the point we made in our comment on Rev. Kluser's letter.

The last part of Comrade Blenko's account, if quite correct, reveals a surprising and lamentable lack of patience, courtesy and fair play on the part of the Socialists. Respect for themselves and good order, if nothing else, should have held them in their seats till the debate was entirely over, especially until their opponent had finished his reply.

Strickland's big voice, like the Judgment Trumpet, did honorable service in rebuking the discourteous and disorderly, if not cowardly stampede of the Socialists who were in retreat lest they might hear the priest's closing arguments. When church people, or middle class men, close their ears and refuse to hear the arguments of Socialism, however unpalatable to them, the comrades are apt to ejacu-

late "bigot!" "pinhead!" "hypocrite!" or other designation of contempt. And when Socialists treat their opponents that way—especially in connection with public debates, the same endearing terminology is apt to be hurled at them.

We write this rebuke, not for the comrades involved in this case, who may have been sorely tried—it is a sore trial to have Socialist writers quoted against us—but to sound a fair note of warning to comrades all over the nation. If you arrange for debates, treat your opponents fairly, courteously, kindly. You owe it to the cause, to yourselves and to your opponents. We want people to debate with us; but if we prove ourselves disorderly and unfair, they will not do so, and we lose respect among people whom otherwise we might win.

Under any circumstances, "what could Strickland or any one else have said" (to quote Comrade Blenko), when the claim of purity for the leaders of the party was challenged, while Rev. E. E. Carr and the Christian Socialist stand expelled for condemning official immorality in the party?

The removal of Barnes from office confesses the justice of Carr's actions. The only way the stain can ever be removed from the party is for Carr to be honorably reinstated by official action.

The Short Story

RESCUING MISS PHOEBE

(A Thanksgiving Story)

By Benjamin Keech

Miss Phoebe Hopkins was an old maid, rapidly becoming an old woman. She lived in a tiny, gray house—to tell the truth, it was nothing but a shack—on a back street in Farley Junction, and she took in washings. She was a frail little woman, but she worked hard. With the exception of an old spotted cat, who limped, and was going blind, Miss Phoebe lived all alone. The cat's name was Beatrice; Miss Phoebe liked her, and sometimes she told her all her troubles.

The little spinster had another funny habit. Sometimes, in the twilight, when she felt quite sentimental (and lonesome) she would sit and dream of little sons and daughters that might have been hers. Occasionally, she would sing little, quavery songs to them, and imagine she was rocking them in her arms. They would be quite a comfort to her now, she thought. Often times, too, when getting the tiny dresses and suits of her "customer's" babies ready to iron, she would fold them whimsically against her thin chest and love them.

Miss Phoebe's dingy walls were covered with the gayest and brightest of prints—most of them of laughing baby faces. There was one little boy face, in particular, which Miss Phoebe liked to kiss, at times when she happened to glance up and caught him looking at her. These were her "children," unless we include Beatrice and her beautiful plants, which she cared for zealously. Her one other love was reading; but usually she had to relegate that to the same shelf which contained most of her other relinquished loves.

There had been a lover, years ago, when Phoebe was a rosy-cheeked, laughing-eyed girl. But he died in saving some children from a factory fire; and ever since then his sweetheart had lived more in the peaceful past with him than in the perplexing present, without him.

Of course, Miss Hopkins did not own the house in which she resided. It belonged to a man by the name of Grinder. Once, when Miss Phoebe was about forty years young, she bought a little house and lot for her very own on a more pretentious street, and had it two-thirds paid for, when a long spell of sickness spoiled everything. After he had waited a proper length of time, Mr. Grinder, who owned this house, too, kindly took it away from her.

Miss Phoebe was a Christian, and, as she declared, she tried hard to "live square." When she died, it was said of her that she was "true blue," and never laid a straw in anyone's way. Every Sunday and mid-week service found the gentle, shabby, gray-haired figure in her accustomed pew; and from her meager earnings went forth, willingly, a certain sum, each week, to help in the Master's Cause.

Miss Phoebe loved every creature on earth, especially the unfortunate ones, and was good to everybody, even the naughty boys who were not nice to Beatrice. No tramp ever went comfortless from her door; she always had some literature and some good advice as well as food to give him. No sweet-faced Salvation Army lassie ever came up her walk with a "War Cry" without getting a nickel.

Miss Phoebe had always believed that if she lived square with the world, some way the world would eventually square itself with her. But gradually, of late, a restless suspicion that this would never be so began to haunt her. She must live along as she had always lived, until the end—poor, deprived and poverty-pressed, yet perfectly worthy of every good thing.

Miss Phoebe could boast of descending from good, proud ancestors, and she shrank sensitively from going to the poor house. Of course, this would have been a palace, compared with her own little poor house; but, in spite of its defective roof and other shortcomings, she loved her present abode; it was home to her, and she liked to be independent.

Miss Phoebe's health didn't seem to be nearly so good as it used to be, either. This fall, when the royal maples in front of her house began to scatter their gay leaves over her walk, she discovered that her heart wasn't acting just right. And by the time the November gales were gently rattling her windows the "rheumatics" had "got" her, too. These ailments bothered her greatly.

"It's about time I quit strugglin', Beatrice," murmured Miss Phoebe, stroking the gentle creature's bony back. "You've no idee how I hate t' hang up clothes in the cold this winter. If you think it's any fun t' freeze yer fingers one minute, an' parb'ile 'em the next, why jest try it." And she laughed, whimsically, as she pressed her cheek against the old cat's head.

But Miss Phoebe did not hang up clothes that winter. Her health absolutely forbade it. Just before Thanksgiving she had a "poor" spell (due to her poverty, a neighbor said) which completely "floored" her. Then it was that the Ladies' Aid Society rose as one woman, and flocked to her rescue.

"It's a measly shame that a saint like Phoebe Hopkins has t' suffer so when she ain't done anything," said Mrs. Judson Tarbell, the president. "There she lays, worn out with heart failure an' rheumatiz, when she ought t' be enjoyin' life. Now, I move that we give Phoebe a real cheerful Thanksgivin'—send 'er a whole barrel o' good things, if we can." This was heartily seconded, not only by the church, but by many an interested outsider, as well.

Canned fruit, vegetables, pastry, a turkey, a chicken or two, besides some good, warm clothing and bedding and a little ready cash were cheerfully given. Miss Phoebe wept heartily as she prayed for those who had been so good to her. The "church ladies" took turns "settin'" with the invalid, as she expressed it; but this grew to be unhandy, and it was suggested that Miss Phoebe ought to have a nurse. But this, as she pointed out, was a luxury she couldn't afford.

At length, a "widder lady" by the name of "Careworn Lottie" Rice was found who would care for the invalid for a nominal sum. Lottie was a trustworthy character whom the struggle for existence had made somewhat eccentric. She had an excellent appetite because she was hungry. So at Christmas it became necessary to give another "donation party." Charity did not cover the ladies' needs.

The town authorities helped Miss Phoebe to coal; but the poor master, a gentleman with a soft heart and a hard head, said the poor house was the place for her, and she'd have to go.

"We might as well break the news to 'er fust as last," said Mrs. Judson Tarbell, "although the shock 'll kill 'er, sure. It don't seem t' me," she continued, giving her pompadour a reflective pat, "that when a woman like Miss Phoebe lives square before God an' man, an' yet fails, she ought t' be made a town subject. Now, it seems t' me," she concluded, "that such folks ought t' be given a pension t' fall back on when they get helpless."

"Do tell!" exclaimed Mrs. Jemima Sprague, lifting her hands, admiringly. "Now that sounds good, don't it? I'm a lone widder, myself, an' could use a pension fust rate. But it won't come in our day"—with a regretful sigh—"so, as you say, Sister Hopkins might as well get prepared. She'll be a sight better off there than here, too, if she could only take it cheerful. She ain't goin' t' last long, any way, unless something happens."

It was a few weeks previous to this that Miss Hopkins had begun, quite unexpectedly, to receive some papers and pamphlets by mail from an almost forgotten school friend, "out in Californy"—a woman nearly as poor and depressed as Miss Phoebe, herself. These papers were called the Christian Socialist; they expounded the best brand of the best doctrine that Miss Phoebe had ever considered, and she fell promptly in love with the first copy. It did not take her more than two pages to discover that she was a Christian Socialist, too.

Her illness having given the little spinster an excellent excuse to read, she soon became thoroughly converted to the deepest, broadest and grandest movement that ever whispered hope to a hopeless world. Having always cherished an ardent desire to help humanity some way, Miss Phoebe now saw her opportunity "without lookin' fer it." She loaned all her papers, with articles marked, and even had "Careworn Lottie" write for more. At the end of three weeks she had made five converts—Mrs. Judson Tarbell, Mrs. Sprague, "Careworn Lottie," the minister's son and—the minister himself!

This gentleman began to mix Socialism into his sermons, and did it so charmingly that everyone liked it and wanted more. One day he suggested to his son that they certainly ought to organize a Local, which was speedily done, in Miss Phoebe's shabby "rooms;" and Miss Phoebe was unanimously elected organizer—probably the first, as she laughingly declared, that ever organized "on the flat of 'er back." When the Local gave signs of languishing, Miss Phoebe sent out appealing little notes and revived it.

Socialism continued to grow in Farley Junction, just as it is growing all over the world. But as it increased, the pitiful little sum in Miss Phoebe's handbag grew less. And the time came when something definite must be done with the patient sufferer.

"It's a burnin' shame t' let 'er go off this way," said Mrs. Tarbell, rebelliously, "but it can't be helped. We'd take care of 'er, right here, if we could, but we ain't exactly millionaries ourselves, an' we ain't livin' under Socialism yet, either. Anyway, Phoebe has created enough wealth an' supported enough idlers with 'er poor old wasted hands to entitle 'er t' first-class accommodations somewhar."

So one sad, rainy day in March, when even Mother Nature mingled her tears with those who weep over the affairs of this funny planet, a covered sleigh drove up to take Miss Phoebe to the poor house. In sad-eyed misery the little lady bade farewell to the laughing baby faces on the wall, to her blooming house plants and to poor, old Beatrice, who was to be cared for by the minister until she died, which wouldn't be long.

Many a bitter, resentful thought passed through the minds of those who watched the preparations for departure that day. It seemed so wrong, so unjust (and so unnecessary), in a land of abundance. Miss Phoebe was outwardly the calmest of them all.

"But jest think!" she chirped, brightly, in her quavery voice, "none o' my grandchildren, or yours, 'll ever come t' sech a bad end as I have."

"I believe," remarked the minister, thoughtfully, "that her going to the alms house, this way, will be the best argument for Socialism that this community could have."

However, just as they were putting on Miss Phoebe's fascinator, to convey her to the sleigh, another sleigh came jingling up and stopped beside the first one. Those present recognized it instantly, for it belonged to Miss Elnora Vanderlip, who lived in the "swell" house on Parker Hill; and you can imagine their amazement to see the large body of Miss Vanderlip herself alight, and come rustling briskly up the walk.

Now Miss Vanderlip was generally regarded as a somewhat proud, reserved lady who lived by herself and did not care much for any one. Those who knew her, however, said she had many a good streak, if you happened to touch her just right. Her money, as well as her manner, had awed people into treating her with respect.

"Pardon me," said Miss Vanderlip, bowing smilingly to all, shaking the rain drops from her furs and seating herself comfortably in the nearest chair, "but I've recently heard of something that doesn't seem just right to me, and I've called to see if I couldn't perhaps help you settle it satisfactorily.

"I refer to Comrade Hopkins, here," she went on, smiling toward our heroine. "For I'm a Socialist," she hastily added, noticing the incredulity on every face. "I became converted, although unwillingly, I must confess, through reading a paper which a boy left at my door, nearly two months ago. He said Miss Hopkins had him distribute them. Well, I feel as you, no doubt—that it would be a mistake to let Miss Hopkins go to the—that is, if you will let me, I can arrange for our comrade to live comfortably right here in her own home, or in my home, if she will. My maid and her little boy will do all they can for her. Besides, I find that I am some distant relation to Miss Hopkins—ninth or tenth cousin"—laughing—"so I have some right to interpose.

"I am getting along in years, myself," Miss Vanderlip continued, "and I want to help some way. Miss Phoebe and I can work better together. I am not so very rich any more, for I've gradually lost quite a bit of money through capitalist 'friends,' especially Mr. Grinder. But I've enough to care for me until I die. I find," she concluded, with a bright glance at Miss Phoebe, "that the deepest sympathies are usually found among the poor—the backbone of the world."

Excitement and confused ejaculations reigned. Mrs. Judson Tarbell said afterward that she thought she should faint, while Miss Phoebe Hopkins was completely overcome. After a moment, letting her gaze wander lovingly over the little company who had gathered so regretfully to send her away, she softly murmured:

"Sometimes, if we try hard t' live square, our dreams come true right on this earth."

"They surely do," responded Miss Vanderlip, huskily. "God is blessing Socialism and making our dreams come true that way."

HOW WHITLOCK WINS

Brand Whitlock, the Socialistic mayor of Toledo, Ohio, just re-elected for the fourth term, has filed an official affidavit declaring that he did not spend a cent for campaign expenses. The way Whitlock does it, like Mayor "Golden Rule" Jones before him, is to try honestly to be a real mayor, administering municipal affairs in the interests of the people. Happy thought! Unique distinction among American mayors! Then, of course, the people do the rest; because they know a good thing when they see it. Meanwhile, Socialism is growing in Toledo and there are still better things in store for the good people of that fortunate burg.

Join the Christian Socialist Fellowship and help win the nation to Socialism.

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THE PRIZE STORIES

The stories for the prize contest are now coming in. This is to remind all who are preparing stories for this contest that the stories must be at the office of the Christian Socialist by December 1st in order to be entered in the contest.

In the deepest night of trouble and sorrow God gives us so much to be thankful for that we need never cease our singing.—Coleridge.

The church papers have given general, just and discriminating comment upon the recent Socialist victories. Thus much prejudice has been removed from among the church people concerning Socialism.

Things which never could make a man happy develop a power to make him strong. Strength, and not happiness, or, rather, only that happiness which comes by strength, is the end of human living.—Phillips Brooks.

THE MISSOURI SITUATION AND REFERENDUM "D"

We are in receipt of letters from Comrades Wm. Brandt and Otto Pauls urging that, as the old (expelled) St. Louis Local has had the political work of the party in its hands and the Socialist vote has increased from 5,000 to 16,000 in about two years, referendum "D" should carry.

We have warm friends on both sides of the unhappy controversy in Missouri, and for that reason, as well as for the larger reason of the good of the cause, we hope the tangle there may early be straightened out as nearly in justice and brotherly kindness as is possible. Nevertheless, we earnestly advise all party members to vote No on referendum "D" for the following reasons:

1. It is impossible for the comrades outside of Missouri to understand the situation. They are too far "from Missouri" to be "shown" fully and fairly. Vote No on the meddlesome referendum "D" and let the comrades of Missouri settle their own family quarrel.

2. If the old local was truly expelled for fusion with old party politicians, the comrades outside should not help them evade the just consequences of their violation of the state and national constitutions by forcing the approval of their conduct down the throats of the regular party members as would be done if referendum "D" were to carry.

3. The provision of the petition, whose legality is quite reasonably denied by the regular party officials of Missouri, which referendum "D" proposes to enforce on the party in Missouri, would disfranchise for the new election of state officers all who have joined the party during the last 14 months and would give votes to those who have not paid dues to national or state treasuries for that length of time. This is so manifestly unjust that nothing can be said in its favor. For this reason, vote No on referendum "D."

4. The only safety from an increasing and unbearable tyranny and meddlesomeness on the part of the N. E. C. is to protect fully the state autonomy guaranteed by the national constitution. The situation in St. Louis is peculiar. There are strong arguments to be made on both sides; and we believe that if the N. E. C. had kept out and had kept its emissaries out, instead of treasonably aiding the expelled local while accepting the dues from the regular local, the trouble would have been happily over long ago. Now, if this illegal and unjust election is thrust upon them by the passage of referendum "D," the bitterness and confusion will only be increased. Remember that the national committee voted to annull the action of the N. E. C.—and when that happens, the N. E. C. must be very far wrong!

5. If the old local is so strong as it claims, let its members come into the new local in the regular way, and in a short while they will have the majority and can control the situation so long as they do not attempt to fuse again with old party candidates. That's the easiest, surest, quickest, most peaceful and most honorable way out of the dilemma. Let the Socialists fuse in the regular dues paying Socialist local. Let all others fuse with the old parties all they please, but not with Socialists.

Therefore vote No on referendum "D."

EDWIN MARKHAM'S PROPOSAL

A Plan to Reach Hundreds of Thousands Next Year with the Message of Socialism in the Name of Christ

92 Waters avenue, West New Brighton, N. Y.,
November 13, 1911.

Comrades in the Labor Struggle:

I have just read the Episcopal Special, and it is certainly a well-reasoned statement of the Social Gospel of Jesus, a clear voice from the blood-stained top of Calvary. All honor to the noble churchmen who wrote those powerful articles—Spalding, Duff, Bell and Bliss. They have the true vision of the vast purpose of the Social Christ.

I now wish to speak of a matter that has long been upon my heart. If we who believe the Gospel of the Comrade Kingdom are really in earnest, we will be willing to make sacrifices for it. The Episcopal Special and others that are to come ought to be spread broadcast by the hundred thousand. Money will do it.

Can't we then (we who read the Christian Socialist) combine to found a Propaganda Fund, to be raised from quarterly pledges? Are there ten persons who will each give $25 every three months. Are there fifty persons who will each give $10 every three months? Are there one hundred persons who will each give $5 every three months? Are there five hundred persons who will each give $1 every three months? All who join to establish this propaganda fund should send their quarterly contributions direct to the Christian Socialist.

Now, I will be one of ten to give $25 quarterly during 1912. Are there nine others who will join me? Twenty-five dollars may be more than any of us can afford to give; but unless we do more than we can afford to do in this brief life, we don't do as much as we ought to do.

Friends, we believe in Christ—let us help to make a working form for Christ on Earth. We believe in Brotherhood—let us help to make a material basis for brotherhood. Let us work while it is day, for the night cometh wherein no man can work! Faithfully yours,

Edwin Markham.

IT CAN BE DONE

The best part of Edwin Markham's generous and inspiring proposal is that it can easily be done. He has already sent $10.00 to spread the Hamilton Special and $25.00 for the Protestant Episcopal Special; and now he proposes to give $100.00 next year in quarterly payments of $25.00 each to send out special editions and extra good numbers. And Markham is a poor man; for poetry does not pay in money.

Surely there are nine others who will pledge $100 next year, $25.00 per quarter, to send the Christian Socialist out to those who most need to see our best samples.

Who will join Markham's class at $25.00 per quarter next year—the great campaign year? Let us hear from you at once.

The publishers of the Christian Socialist will pledge to send out only the very best copies on this proposition. You can select the papers each quarter yourself, if you desire. You can also select the names, if you wish.

Ten times $25.00 equals.....	$ 250.00
Fifty times $10.00 equals.....	500.00
One hundred times $5.00 equals.....	500.00
Five hundred times $1.00 equals.....	500.00
Total	$1,750.00

THIS AMOUNT WOULD SEND TWO SEPARATE SPECIAL EDITIONS TO EVERY MINISTER IN THE UNITED STATES OF EVERY DENOMINATION. AND THAT WOULD BE BETTER THAN TO GET THEM TO GO TO TWO SOCIALIST LECTURES, FOR THEY WILL READ THE PAPER QUIETLY AND THOUGHTFULLY ALONE. And it would be vastly cheaper.

Let us have your pledges at once.

THE PARTY ELECTION

Some have written asking for advice concerning the ones best fitted for election as National Secretary and members of the National Executive Committee in the present emergency. The rank and file are compelled to vote blindly because to most of them the candidates are unknown. They are but names. This is probably why comparatively few party members vote.

For National Secretary

When it became reasonably sure last Spring that a vacancy must be made in the National Secretaryship, John M. Work was our first choice for the new secretary, because of his sobriety and purity of life and his long experience in the party. In several ways he is a complete contrast to the late incumbrance of that office. And in compelling the party machine to line up behind such a man as Work, those who demanded changed conditions have accomplished more than at first seemed possible. Those who wanted to throw John M. Work out of the window at the last National Socialist Congress less than two years ago because of his report on morality and temperance little thought then that they would so soon by circumstances be compelled to line up for his election to the chief office in the party.

Nevertheless, because of Work's incredible attitude and conduct in connection with the Barnes case, we would have been glad of the chance to support for the national secretaryship some other comrade equally clean, sober, experienced and even more strongly qualified for the difficult and laborious task. But the fates, and the skill of party "mechanics" who have smoothly, noiselessly and without a percepible jar succeeded in removing from Work's track (by their free and voluntary declinations, of course) every opposing candidate but one, we are, by comparison of these two remaining candidates, compelled to say that there is nothing else possible for those who really care for the welfare of the party along the lines upon which we have been battling, as well as for the peace, safety and efficiency of the national office for the next two years, but to vote for John M. Work.

For National Executive Committee

There are many excellent candidates to choose from in the list of nominees for the N. E. C. And, since we have been so urgently requested to do so, we will name those who, in all the circumstances, seem the best, lest those who care for our suggestions might otherwise lose their influence by too much scattering among good men who have no chance of election.

As Victor L. Berger will probably be elected at the head of the ticket anyway, those who are anxious to get good new blood in the N. E. C. might better spend their voting strength on some one else. And as Berger is so likely to be elected, we cannot consistently recommend any other Wisconsin man.

There are only seven members of the N. E. C., and no single state should be allowed more than one.

J. L. Duncan, Socialist mayor of Butte, Mont., is a clean, strong, wise, fearless, progressive, revolutionary man, and ought to be elected.

Job Harriman, leading candidate for mayor of Los Angeles, was Socialist candidate for Vice President in 1900, has been an active, faithful, able worker for the cause, and would make an exceptionally strong member of the N. E. C. If he is elected mayor of Los Angeles in December, it will be all the better.

There are some splendid women running, but none better qualified in every way—if any so well equipped for active, efficient service on the N. E. C. as Marguerite Prevey of Akron, Ohio. Concentrate on her. She ought to be elected.

E. R. Meitzen of Hallettsville, Texas, has proven himself a loyal, able, active, fair-minded, revolutionary worker. His election would vastly improve the committee.

Robert Ringler of Reading, Pa., has had large experience as State Secretary of Pennsylvania, and is worthy of a place on the N. E. C.

Frank Bohn of Chicago, one of the ablest representatives of industrial unionism and one of the most experienced party workers, would supply much needed revolutionary fire and fibre on the committee. The large A. F. L. influence now dominant needs the balance of more revolutionary men.

Wm. A. Ward, well known to our readers and to thousands of party members besides, as an able lecturer and organizer and a strong revolutionist, would make a worthy and capable representative on the committee. And though, as a matter of Fellowship tactics we demurred against his accepting the nomination, there is every reason why there should be at least one Christian comrade on the N. E. C. He is thoroughly deserving.

The Christian Socialist FELLOWSHIP

GENERAL SECRETARY
Rev. W. A. Ward, 3452 Giles Ave., St. Louis
GENERAL TREASURER
Rev. W. D. P. Bliss, 1451 Broadway, New York
GENERAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE
of Twenty-five Members

CALIFORNIA

A Word to the Consecrated

This article is not for those who are "long" on hot air exhortations, and "short" on unselfish, untiring effort—"long" on rocking chair piety and "short" on practical application.

I am not ironical. I am not sensorious, but I am just mad—righteously mad, and the sun has been "going down on my wrath" for months.

I can meet the doctrinair-robed Socialist and sit dumbfounded in his presence while he hurls his anathemas at the church for her failure to recognize Socialism as her best friend. I can look in the eyes of the pulpit icebergs who pose as the spokesmen and vicegerents of God on earth. I say I can bear these two extremes and keep on fighting, but when I know that there are thousands of Christian men and women in the land who claim to be Christian (?) Socialists, but who have never sent a penny or a dollar to the General Secretary, or have never subscribed for the Christian Socialist, or distributed a single tract, and yet who expect the six million benighted, ignorant followers of Christ to be converted to Socialism —well—well—I shall have to stop—my vocabulary fails me!

After securing Brother Ward's services last spring to speak in the Y. M. C. A. here, and in several churches in the Bay and vicinity, he had to leave without my footing all the bills.

I am now going as a volunteer to offer my services to the Los Angeles campaign committee.

I am going to distribute 5,000 of my pamphlets—"What Socialists are Doing in Milwaukee"—if the bare cost of them can be secured.

When I am through I am coming back to northern California to prosecute the Conference work, that of holding all-day Christian Socialist Conferences in all the counties and large cities of the northern part of the state. To the consecrated humanitarian Christians who wish to make this work possible you can send your monthly or weekly pledge to Dr. W. H. Robinson, our District Treasurer, Christian Socialist Fellowship, 1325 Park street, Alameda, Calif., who will send you a receipt for the same and a quarterly report of work done.

Yours for victory,

J. W. Wells.

P. S.—The last report, October first, for three months and a half, shows a net margin after railroad fare, hotel bills, printing, etc., are deducted, of $13.70. The Devil don't want this work done, the rabid Socialists do not want it done, and the conservative Christians don't want it done. **Do you want it done?**

J. W. W.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF CIVICS

Comrade John C. Kennedy, late assistant professor of sociology in the University of Chicago, recently returned from several months' study in Germany, has opened a School of Civics for working people and others which promises to be very helpful. Municipal problems of all sorts will be investigated with the purpose of fitting working-class-conscious men and women to assume the government of cities. He may be addressed in care of the Daily Socialist, Chicago.

FOR YOUNG CRUSADERS

Conducted by M. Kathryn Spicer, 901 W. Main St., Richmond, Va.

AN EPIC

By Herbert Sturges

King Mammon sauntered out to view his world;
In farm and factory his servants toiled.
The plow and harrow plied, the hammer hurled
Which kept him in his idleness unsoiled.

And when they gazed on his magnificence,
So far surpassing that of old romance,
They thought him in their stupid innocence
A king most worthy their allegiance.

A hundred workers spread his board with bread,
Another hundred filled his cup with wine,
A hundred clad the king from toe to head,
A hundred made his bed with linen fine;

A hundred printed books for him to read;
A cultured monarch is a king indeed!

Up to the king Sir Capital now strode,
Who kept the kingdom's means of making wealth,
And toll he brought from all who plowed and sowed
And labored at the cost of life and health.

King Mammon chuckled as he took the hoard:
"This is my pay for owning all these things;
They say that virtue is its own reward,
But ownership a larger profit brings.

What fools my servants are to pay me thus,
You'd think the stupid idiots would see
That this my lawful gain must be their loss,
Brings me to wealth, leaves them in poverty."

Rewards of service satisfy bare need,
Rewards of ownership do far exceed.

One worker, though, was wiser than the rest,
Who would not bow nor humble tribute pay
But thought his work as worthy as the best
And wished to vote his servitude away.

Upon him king and lord set hue and cry,
His socialistic talk they tried to still,
But all in vain; the outcome by and by
Proved that there is a way when there's a will.

Down to defeat sank Mammon and his train,
The toilers rose and quickly took control;
And from the product of their hand and brain
No more did idle ownership take toll!

Stand back, base minions of plutocracy!
Brave Comrades, cast the vote that makes you free!

* * *

LET US HEAR FROM THESE STATES.

All our boys and girls are quite wide awake, I am sure, and watching what is going on in their states in the way of progressive legislation. I want a lot of letters from them, telling what is being done. In the states of South Dakota, Oregon, Oklahoma, Colorado, Nevada, Missouri, Montana, Arkansas, Maine and California, initiative and referendum amendments have been adopted. This means that if a certain number of people want a particular law, they can force the legislature to pass upon it, and if any law which the legislature passes does not please a certain per cent of the voters, they can have it put to vote before the whole electorate. These are Socialist measures, and I want instances of their application given in letters from our bright Young Crusaders.

The states of Washington, Wyoming, North Dakota, Nebraska, Florida, Idaho and Wisconsin have caused their legislatures to endorse these same amendments for submission to a vote of the people, and Young Crusaders in these states should try to see who can first and best tell the results to our readers.

The plan of popular election of United States senators has been adopted in Oregon, Nebraska, Nevada, Minnesota, New Jersey, Ohio, Kansas, California and Wisconsin. Why is this called the "Oregon plan," boys and girls?

Here is a list of the states which have adopted the Oregon plan of popular vote for candidate for party nomination for president and vice-president, with the dates on which the primary votes will be had: North Dakota, March 19, 1912; Wisconsin, April 2, 1912; Nebraska, April 17, 1912; Oregon, April 19, 1912; New Jersey, May 2, 1912. Paste this list in your scrap book! And WATCH!

Now, there should be Young Crusaders in all these states, whose special pride and pleasure it should be to keep us posted on all these subjects. Perhaps they have not thought that there was anything to write about, of enough importance to deserve their attention. If so, they should begin to "sit up" and pay attention. Our eyes and ears are all turned toward you, Comrades. People everywhere are watching us to see if we are worthy members of a party which has been thought impractical and "Utopian." What are you going to do about it?

* * *

Popular Tom

I read of a little boy, Tom, who would give his last marble, run errands all day and never grumble, give the best place to somebody else, no matter who, and felt so glad in seeing other folks have a good time that he forgot himself. Everybody liked Tom. Grandmother smiled all over when she saw him coming. Aunt Laura, who was a busy woman, smiled at him and said: "Just in time, Tom, run and"—When Tom went to spend the day with grandmother or Aunt Laura, the folks at home would miss him. One would say: "Where is Tom? I wish he were at home." And another: "If Tom were only here!" Tom was one of those unselfish helpers. Are there any Toms living at your house? Would you be missed when away from home, as Tom was?—Olive Plants.

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The International Sunday School Lessons for 1911

By Rev. Wm. A. Prosser, Pastor Hazelwood M. E. Church, Pittsburg, Pa.

LESSON FOR DECEMBER 3
Nehemiah Rebuilds the Wall of Jerusalem.—Nehemiah 4

Golden Text: I Cor. 16:13—Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong.

Nehemiah's Mission to Jerusalem

It is worthy of note to mark the steps that led Nehemiah to come to Jerusalem. He first heard that his people were in dire distress, afflicted, a laughing stock and unprotected, He then felt their sorrow pierce his soul which led him to think, weep, mourn, fast and pray. Then he resolved, at the risk of his personal interests and life, to secure royal consent, gather materials and go to their help. Like Moses and the Christ and every other man who has ever accomplished any permanent good for the race, the sufferings of his people prompted Nehemiah to go with a helping hand to Jerusalem.

The mission of Nehemiah to Jerusalem was to build the walls of the city. He did not come like Zerubbabel to bring the exiles back, nor like Ezra to teach and preach the Law, but simply to build a stone wall. His mission was not primarily religious, educational or philanthropic, but materialistic. He came not to start a religious revival, not to found a school nor to bring charity, but to build a wall of protection about his helpless people so that they could be free to work out their religious and educational program. His work was strictly economic. He came to rebuild the walls of Jerusalem. An undignified work? Perhaps; but just as essential to the life of a nation, and under similar circumstances, more essential than building a church, pipe organ, libraries or schools of technology. Nehemiah was a wise, Godly and practical statesman, for he saw farther into the primary needs of the people than many of us today.

He knew the people were afflicted and in need of bread; he knew their economic, social. religious and educational status and knew it was bad. Why, then, did he not come preaching and teaching the law? Why did he not start a religious revival, found a school of instruction or bring provisions for their immediate physical needs instead of building a stone wall which they could neither eat nor worship? Was he non-religious, irreligious, or anti-religious? Far from it. He was profoundly religious and undertook his work in a religious sense of obligation to God and his people. He conceived that building a stone wall was religious, and under the circumstances more profoundly religious than anything else he could do. The bread of charity, education and religious activities are all necessary, at times, but the greatest need for an afflicted people is permanent physical protection and freedom. Unless economic security is first obtained; unless the Bread and Butter problem is first settled; unless the physical basis of life rests upon a firm footing and is safety protected by impenetrable walls, it is confusion confounded to attempt religious and educational work with hope of large success. Nehemiah must build his wall before Ezra can make much headway in preaching and teaching the Law. The world then and now, like Lord Woolley's Army, "marches on its stomach."

Speaking of the relation of the spiritual part of civilization to the physical, Lester F. Ward, in "Pure Sociology," says: "It is becoming more and more apparent that the spiritual part of civilization is at least conditioned upon material civilization. It does not derogate from its worth to admit that without a material basis it cannot exist. But it is also true that the moment that such a basis is supplied it comes forth in all ages and races of men. It may therefore be regarded as innate in man and potential everywhere, but a flower so delicate that it can only bloom in the rich soil of material prosperity. As such it does not need to be specially fostered. No amount of care devoted to it alone could make it flourish in the absence of suitable conditions, and with such conditions it requires no special attention." Karl Marx long ago discovered this law and asserted it in the following famous words: "In every historical epoch, the prevailing mode of economic production and exchange, and the social organization necessarily following from it, form the basis upon which is built up, and from which alone can be explained, the political and intellectual history of that epoch."

Modern Need

The similitude between the condition and need of the ancient people of God and the workers of the world today must not be overlooked. It is worthy of attention and every student should draw it for himself.

Under our present mode of wealth production and distribution; under our present system of private ownership of capital, competition, production for profit and labor for wages the workers are as helpless and defenseless as a jack-rabbit in an open field. They have no wall of protection about them and they are the constant prey of their enemies, the capitalists. They have to beg for a chance to work and then give three-fourths of the wealth they produce to the owners of their job for the privilege to work. They must work long hours, at break-neck pace, amidst insanitary conditions, with unsafe machinery, night as well as day, all for mere bread and butter and sometimes not sufficient of that. And in this condition they are helpless. The institutions, educational, judicial, social and political, in and through which we live and die, offer no real protection to the workers. The only protection they get is from the combination of the workers into trades unions, and it has come to pass that this means offers but slight shelter. There seems to be no hope for the safety, life and justice of the working classes outside of a union of all the workers of the world, regardless of color or trade into an Industrial Union and a Political Party for united action on both the industrial and political fields.

Our need is a stone wall of protection, a revolution that shall put the world, with all its wealth and power, into the hands of the people. We want education, religion and all the higher things of life; but we must have economic security first. When the first needs are supplied the higher things will bloom spontaneously. "First that which is natural and then that which is spiritual," is the order of true progress. Nehemiah saw that and acted accordingly.

The Socialist movement of the world has adopted that principle and does promise economic emancipation and independence, which carries with it the opportunity for intellectual and religious advance; and this is one of the primary reasons for its marvelous growth. Economic needs constitute our present primary demands and the institution or movement that presents a sound program of economic salvation is the institution and movement that must succeed. Nothing can stop it.

The Wall Built

The wall was begun and finally finished; and the people rejoiced in their physical security. The secret of the success of the enterprise lay in several important things.

First, it had a wise self-sacrificing leadership in the person of Nehemiah. He was one of the people, their land was his land, their cause his cause and he shared their lot.

Second, the people were united in one work under a common leader.

And, third, they worked hard and fought valiantly for their lives. Self-preservation drove them to the task and kept them at it till it was done. "Remember the Lord who is great and terrible," said Nehemiah to the people, "and fight for your brethren, your sons and your daughters, your wives and your houses." They were working and fighting for everything that the human heart holds dear, for personal, domestic, social and national life, and such a work inspired by such a patriotism always, in the end, succeeds. They completed the walls.

"Workers of the world, unite," cried Karl Marx. It is as much needed now as then; for not until the workers cease their suicidal divisions and unite; not until they see their interests are identical and unite to secure and maintain them; not until they work and fight for "their brethren, sons, daughters, wives and homes" can they ever succeed in freeing themselves from dependence on their economic lords. Once let the workers of any country and the world see the identity of their interests and unite in an effort to secure them the beginning of the end of the world's emancipation can be plainly seen.

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